

# THE PAUPER OF PARK LANE

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

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## CHAPTER XLV.

### To Learn the Truth.

The mystery by which old Sam Statham sometimes passed beyond that white-enameled door was inexplicable.

Whenever he left the library to ascend the stairs, Charlie Rolfe stole quietly out behind him, and listened. Sometimes he distinctly heard the key in the lock, at others it sounded as though the closed door yielded to his touch and swung aside for him to pass beyond. It closed always with a thud, as though felt had been placed upon it to prevent any metallic clang.

While Charlie watched the great financier's every movement, Max was unceasing in his inquiries regarding Marion. Advertisements had been published in the "personal" columns of various newspapers, and the private inquiry agency whose aid he had sought had been unrelenting in its vigilance.

The whole affair from beginning to end now showed the existence of some powerful hand which had directed and rendered the mystery beyond solution. The strange reappearance of Jean Adam and Leonard Lyle had been followed quickly by the extraordinary flight of Dr. Petrovitch and Maud. The latter had only an hour before she had disappeared into space made some remarkable confession to Marion—a confession which might or might not save Samuel Statham from an ignominious death.

But the girl had preserved the secret of the confession confided to her by her friend, and, preferring shame and misjudgment, she in turn had disappeared, whether she knew or not.

The two men, brother and lover, who had now united their forces to solve the problem and at the same time ascertain for themselves what the secret of the house in Park lane really was, were at their wits' ends. Their inquiries and their efforts always led them into a cul-de-sac. At every turn they seemed foiled and baffled. And was it surprising when it was considered the power of Samuel Statham and the means at his command for the preservation of a secret?

Charlie felt that he was being watched hourly by one or other of those spies who sometimes gave such valuable information to the head of the firm. Some of these secret agents of Statham he knew by sight, but there were others unseen and unknown.

Even though Max and his friend were able to enter unheeded and secret themselves before the place was locked up by old Levi, yet there was that white door barring their passage to the mystery beyond. Many times they discussed the possibilities, but each time the door of Charlie was sorely puzzled regarding the key of the iron door. Sometimes it was undoubtedly used, sometimes not.

At last one evening, after both men had dined at the St. James's, where Max was a member, they resolved upon a bold move. Charlie suggested it, and the other was at once ready and eager.

So after Max had been round to his rooms to put on a suit of dark tweeds, he went to Charlie's chambers, where the various implements were produced and laid upon the table. It was then nearly 10 o'clock.

Rolfe, having sent Green to the other end of Denham street out of the way, drew out the whisky decanter from the tangle of stand, poured out two "pegs" with soda, and drank:

"Success to the elucidation of old Statham's secret."

Then, carefully stowing the various articles in their pockets, they slipped down into the street and were out of sight before the inquisitive Green had returned.

Arrived in Park lane, after a hasty walk, they strolled slowly along by the park railings past the house. All was in darkness save the hall, where the electric lamp showed above the faint light. Old Sam was probably in his study, smoking his last cigar, for the shutters were that night closed, as they sometimes were. The shutters of the basement were also closed behind their iron bars, while at the upstairs windows all the blinds were carefully drawn.

Indeed, the exterior of the house presented nothing unusual. It was the same as any other mansion in Park lane. Yet there was many who on going up and down the steps, and on the foot of the motor "buses" jerked their thumbs at it, and whispered. The house had earned a reputation for mystery. Sam Statham was a mystery in himself, and of his house many weird things were alleged.

Three times the pair passed and passed. At the corner of Denham street stood a constable, and while he remained there it was injudicious to attempt an entry with a latchkey. So they strolled back in the direction of the fountain, conversing in undertones.

Max glanced at his watch, and found that it wanted a quarter to 11. At last they crossed the road and passed the door. All seemed quiet. At that moment the only object in sight was a receding motor "bus" showing its red tail-light. Not a soul was on the pavement.

"All clear!" cried Charlie, scarce above a whisper, as he slipped up the two or three steps, followed by his companion. That moment was an exciting one. Next, however, the key was in the lock, and without a sound the wards of the lock were lifted.

In another moment the pair stood within the bright hall, and the door was closed noiselessly behind them. Standing there, within a few yards of the door of the library, where from the smell of tobacco smoke it was evident that old Sam was taking his ease, they were in imminent risk of discovery, as slides, Levi had a habit of moving without sound in his old felt slippers, and might at any moment appear up the stairs from the lower regions.

Instinctively Charlie glanced upstairs toward the locked door. But the next second he motioned his companion to follow, and stole on tiptoe over the thick Turkey carpets past the millionaire's door and on into a kind of small conservatory which lay behind the hall and was in darkness.

Though leading from the room behind the library, it was a fairly good spot as a place of hiding, yet so vigilant was old Levi that the chances were he would come in there poking about ere he retired to rest.

The two men stood together behind a bank of what had once been greenhouse plants, but all of them had died by neglect and want of water long ago. The range of pots and dried stalks still remained, forming an effectual barrier behind which they could conceal themselves. Through the long French window of the room adjoining the light shone, and Charlie, slowly creeping forward, peered within.

Then he whispered to his friend, and both men bent to see what was transpiring.

The scene was unusual. A full view of the library could be obtained from where they stood in the darkness. In the room two of the big arm-chairs had been pulled up, with a small coffee table between them. On one side of the table sat old Sam, lazily smoking one of his big cigars, while on the other was Levi, lying back, his legs stretched out, smoking with perfect equanimity and equality

## FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

There never was a time when furnishing a home from cellar to garret could be done more quickly, economically, and artistically than at the present time. The arts and crafts' products are lovely and restful to body and sight, and the installment system of payments obtains nearly everywhere. I do not usually advocate a burden of debt, but I have been learning a few things from families which have bought homes and put forth their best efforts to pay for them, from men who have begun business careers on borrowed capital, and from women who have rented furnishings with the privilege of paying for them by the month.

Instances of foreclosures on mortgages of all kinds are continually cropping up, but they are only a small percentage of the men and women who accumulate property on the installment plan. They are generally the kind who do not save for the weekly or monthly payments before satisfying their other tastes. Sometimes sickness or misfortune upsets the most carefully laid plans, and about everything is swept away, but these accidents are incidental to any business. There are hosts of people who would not save money, but will economize in every way to pay an obligation like an insurance premium or a debt. It is an undisputed fact that if we waited till we had the money with which to meet our desires we would never know them save in day dreams.

Purchasing perishable property on installments is not wise. It seems like throwing away money to pay it out for things which have ceased to exist. I know of working girls who buy clothing in that manner and are never out of debt. Before the winter garments really belong to them they are planning for fresh ones to match the new season. If sickness overtakes them, or if they get out of work, they have debts to worry over. They can save money for a vacation and must meet the demands of Christmas with fresh debts.

I happen to know something of the methods employed by a house maid who has to divide her wages with her widowed mother. On her meager share she manages to look very nice at all times, for her mother does her sewing and not only repairs her garments, but makes them in the first place. The girl is careful, and that means a great deal, and when by chance she has no situation there is a home to shelter her, for the mother makes one for two young children. There are three others to help support it, a brother and sister, both married, and another sister who has lived in one family for ten years.

Naturally there is no money to squander, so the workers are careful about expenses. But the home has been purchased on weekly payments and is now secured to the mother. I had an opportunity to view another acquisition of devotees of the installment plan. The furnishings of an extremely artistic flat were bought from a department store which was glad to make satisfactory terms of settlement. There were no surplus pieces, but quite enough for comfort and beauty, and every article possessed good wearing qualities. A home would not have been possible under cash payments, for the cost of the humble surroundings had had nothing to start with but health, youth, courage, and steady employment for the man. That was a creditable capital, I must admit, but not the equivalent of hard cash, and the couple wanted a home in which to begin the new life. Credit has its virtues.

BETTY BRADEN.

## REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL

By HELEN ROWLAND.

A man always considers himself mighty clever when he can glide through the shallows of love-making without foundering on the rocks of matrimony.

The kiss which the average man bestows upon his wife is no more inspiring than a pat on the head. Choosing a husband is like picking out the combination on a lottery ticket; your first guess is apt to be as good as your last.

Because a man has more money than brains, it is no sign he's wealthy. A girl who has a brother has a great advantage over one who hasn't; she gets a working knowledge of men without having to go through the matrimonial inquisition in order to acquire it.

There is nothing so easy for a man as forgetting his own identity. It takes time to throw a shovelful of dirt on the grave of a dead love before he is off pursuing a new one. To a man, love is only a side dish to a woman, it's the whole feast.

It is easy for a man to love his neighbor as himself, when his neighbor is a rich and pretty widow.

## BURIAL OF CROWN JEWELS.

Scottish Treasure that Was Hidden Beneath Pulpit of Parish Church.

From the Westminster Gazette.

The curious story of the search among tombstones for the stolen regalia revealed in the minutes of evidence heard by the viceregal commission on the loss of the Dublin Castle jewels recalls the interesting fact that the Scottish crown jewels, which mysteriously disappeared at the time of the Cromwellian invasion, were buried for safety. There were located in Dunottar Castle, which was besieged by Cromwell, and on the eve of surrender Lady Ogilvie, wife of the commander of the beleaguered force, managed to elude the besiegers and get the jewels out of the castle.

They were buried beneath the pulpit in the parish church, and the place where they were hidden was never revealed till the Restoration. Ogilvie was rewarded with a baronetcy, and Keith, who missed the Cromwellians by stating that they were in the possession of the exiled Charles II, was made an earl.

The mysterious disappearance of the Dublin state jewels had had one curious parallel. Some years ago a casket containing jewels of the value of £15,000 disappeared under circumstances of the greatest mystery from the house of the Duchess of Leinster in Dominic street, Dublin. In spite of the most thorough investigation no trace of the thieves could be discovered, although rumor suggested that more than one person could throw light on the robbery.

The jewels were ultimately returned to their noble owner, but to this day we believe the mystery of their disappearance remains unsolved.

## At Greeley's Homestead.

From the Boston Transcript.

Efforts to save the Horace Greeley homestead at Amherst, N. H., which now bears a bronze tablet with the legend, "Horace Greeley was born here," recalls the story of the countryman strolling by as the tablet was going up, who exclaimed: "Blamed if I see anything wonderful about that." To prevent people from forgetting the great anti-slavery editor is the object in view.

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WHITE WASHABLE HABUTAI; 22 inches wide, and good lengths. A yard, only . . . . . 25c  
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"Seconds" of \$1 and \$1.50  
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A few oil spots or a bit of crooked stitching here and there. Made of coutil or batiste, in white, black, gray, or pink; princess hips, gauger extension; straight front; trimmed in lace or blind embroidered with or without garters. On sale first floor bargain tables to-day.

\$2.50 to \$3 oxfords  
15 styles at \$2.19

Every kind of stylish Oxford is included in this lot at \$2.19. There are Tan Vici Kid Oxfords, Blucher Kidskin, Patent Coltskin Oxfords, Two-eyelet Ties, Four-eyelet Ties, tipped or plain toes; heavy or light soles, mostly all sizes. Buy to-day and you pay but \$2.19, instead of \$2.50 and \$3.00.

## A WORD FROM PARIS

"Height, more height," is the decree. The sleeves are extra long and tight-fitting. The sugar-loaf is the latest in millinery. The Botticelli, an inverted flower pot, is running it a close second. Chenille is more popular than silk fringe. The one-color scheme still prevails in gowns.

Embroidery and lace are playing a wonderful part in trimming. Soutache, worked into designs, is allied with lace. Soutache also trims waistbands, the seams of gowns and gumples.

## SHE WEPT IN EVERY OFFICE.

Teardrop Young Woman's Method of Getting Magazine Subscribers. From the Kansas City Star.

She was a young woman, well dressed, and had an appearance above the average. While not a striking beauty, in the common sense, she was what is often called good looking. In other and simpler words, she would do.

She entered the lawyer's office. In her hand she held a magazine, and in the back portion of her hair was a lead pencil.

"I would like to have you subscribe to this magazine," she said. "It is \$1 a year and one of the very best magazines published."

Then she turned the pages and showed the lawyer the many interesting departments, special articles, absorbing fiction stories, and other things which the magazine contained.

"No, miss," said the lawyer. "I don't care for it. I'll admit that the magazine is a good one, but I have enough now, and I don't care for it."

The lawyer had hardly finished his sentence when the young woman began to weep copiously.

"Don't mind me," she said. "I just can't help it. I am trying to earn a living. I am soliciting subscriptions for a magazine which is worth \$1 a year if it is worth a cent. Every one tells me the same thing that you do. I am discouraged. I am despondent. I don't care what happens to me."

And then the miss wept some more. Of course, under these rare conditions even a lawyer's heart will turn. He produced a silver dollar and subscribed on the spot.

"Don't cry little girl," said the lawyer. "Be brave; work hard; persevere; everything will come out all right in the end." And the little girl left the office with a "thank you."

This story would have been all right if it were not for the fact that Bones, the doctor, had entered the lawyer's office some minutes later to tell him of a strange case that had transpired in his office. The case had to do with a young woman of average good looks who was soliciting subscriptions for a dollar magazine.

"I was never so affected in my life," said Dr. Bones. "I refused to subscribe, and the girl actually broke down in tears. I never saw any one so discouraged."

"Did you subscribe?" said the lawyer. "Certainly I did," said Dr. Bones. "So did I," said the lawyer, "and she wept here, too."

An investigation proved that the young woman of crying propensities had taken thirteen subscriptions on that floor, which would have been a fair day's work, even if she had gone no farther.

NEW LOOSE COAT.

Though period dominates the modes of the moment, there are not wanting vogues that are more a harmonious conglomeration of many than an expression of one.

The new loosely hanging coats and pinous skirts that are so fashionable in Paris now and that have been called with singular appositeness "Weary Willies," are not trammelled by any law, his torical, or pictorial. They are, as a rule, very heavily draped, which accounts for the long languid air assumed by their wearers.

Popular though they certainly are among the very smartly garbed abroad, it is the fitted coat that is more widely chosen on this side of the ocean.

Felicitous.

From Harper's Weekly.

A New England man, who flatters himself upon his aptness in saying the proper thing at the proper time, recently revisited his old home in Vermont, whither he has not gone in ten years or more.

Among those he met during the first day of his visit was a coquettish spinster, who, with a sinner, said to him:

"I'm Miss Mullins. You don't remember me, of course."

"Remember you?" exclaimed the New England giant. "As if I could help doing so, Miss Mullins. Why, you are one of the landmarks of the town."

## AMUSEMENTS.

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FAREWELL TOUR  
THE CLANSMAN

Prices Evenings, 50c to \$1.50  
Matinees, 25c to \$1.00

NEXT WEEK—Seats Now on Sale.  
GO ABROAD WITH  
LYMAN  
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TO QUANT HOLLAND  
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Next Week—New comedy, "The Village Doctor," by Geo. Fagan and Byron. The Village Doctor, see. Day Seats To-day.

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La Boheme  
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Conductor, Mr. Rodolfo Ferrari.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 12, at 2.  
Thomas's Opera  
Mignon  
(In Italian)  
Conductor, Mr. S. Bovy.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 12, at 8.  
DOUBLE BILL  
Mascardini's Opera  
Cavalleria  
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(In Italian)  
Conductor, Mr. Rodolfo Ferrari.

Prices—Boxes, \$5; orchestra, \$5; balcony \$3 (three rows); gallery, remaining rows, 25c. (Three rows); gallery, remaining rows, 25c. Seats now on sale at T. Arthur Smith's, 1411 F st.

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